

No Case of Pneumonia on Record

There is no case on record of a cold resulting in Pneumonia, or other serious lung trouble, after

FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR

had been taken.

It stops the cough and heals the lungs and prevents serious results from a cold.

Do not take chances on a cold wearing away or experiment with some unknown preparation that costs you the same as Foley's Honey and Tar.

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A Severe Cold for Three Months.

The following letter from A. J. Nussbaum, of Batesville, Ind., tells its own story: "I suffered for three months with a severe cold. A druggist prepared me some medicine, and a physician prescribed for me, yet I did not improve. I then tried Foley's Honey and Tar, and eight doses cured me."

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HUNTING TRIP TO HEADWATERS OF HALIFAX

Incidents Connected With a Few
Days Outing in the Forest
Primeval.

John V. Colclough, in the Daytona Gazette-News, writes as follows regarding a pleasure trip to the headwaters of the Halifax.

Do you ever get tired doing the same thing day by day? Well that is the way we felt. There were three of us, to-wit: a Deacon, a Major and a plain ordinary civilian. So wishing to break the monotony of every day life we decided to take a trip.

Where should we go, that was the next question? The inlet? (good fishing) Smith Creek? (good fishing) Bulow? Bulow? Oh that's the place, good fishing, deer, turkey and an occasional bear. So we decided on Bulow.

The Deacon supplied the launch, the Major and the Civilian put up sufficient grub to last until the turkey, deer, bear and other game were captured in sufficient quantity to supply the wants of three big eaters.

Up the Halifax we went, past Ormond, past the mouth of the Tomoka, and then we turned into one of the prettiest pieces of scenery which it has ever been my lot to see. There is a narrow channel of about fifty feet; and up this went the launch, turning and winding and twisting, heading to all points of the compass; now almost scraping the sand-trail foliage of the north or south bank. You see the Deacon ran the engine, and when that compact piece of machinery did not require his attention he was busy thinking out complex problems about the church, and as for the Major he was looking for duck and held a gun, but the other lobe of his brain was at work on a very complicated battalion movement, and as for the Civilian, well he was steering, (no wonder we scraped the bank).

Beautiful Dreams Vanished.
"Look here!" exclaimed the pilot, and we all rubbed, and just under a clump of bushes there was a large alligator. The Major re-loaded his gun with a heavier shot, the engineer reversed the gear and we went back to capture him. We had his hide parceled out, I was divided into two suit cases and three pocket books. But also, for human aspirations, on our return to the spot the 'gator had disappeared. All our beautiful dreams of pocket books and suit cases vanished into muddy water.

So we proceeded on our journey up the river. On each side could be seen the beautiful palmetto, the ever green cedar and the moss-draped live oak. Every now and then the water would be disturbed by a ripple caused from the playful jumping of a school of mullet.

About noon, as we were getting a little hungry, the Deacon proposed that we stop at the next high ground and camp. A delightful spot was soon found near the ruins of the old Bulow homestead. While the Major and Deacon pitched the tent the Civilian lit a fire and cooked dinner (chili-con-carne) that was the name of the mixture when it was finished.

After enjoying a good (?) dinner we proceeded to look for game and fish in which pursuit we spent a strenuous afternoon. The two fishermen caught one fish and the hunter after firing eighteen shells returned to camp with a blue jay which he had killed by accident.

More Canned Stuff.
Then we cooked up some more canned stuff, had plenty of good coffee, and lay back watching the dying embers. The aroma of good tobacco, good stories and the quiet of the evening made us all supremely contented.

Then as the silvery moon struggled up through the palm-trees, and a solemn stillness appeared to creep over the camp, broken now and then by the splash of a fish or the rustle of a leaf, we sat there and listened. Far off could be heard the murmur of the ocean, which proved a soothing song to woe us to the gentle arms of Morpheus.

The next day was one of unalloyed enjoyment. The Major and the Civilian hunted, and the Deacon fished. After a good dinner of fresh caught fish, potatoes and coffee, we all started up the river trolling from the launch. Winding and twisting again between the palmetto and oak-bordered banks we came to a delightful spot, cast anchor and fished for some hours. The brim, fresh water bass and musk fish, were plentiful and full of life, giving us good sport.

Now and then a lazy 'gator would blink his eye and disappear before we could shoot. To illustrate the beauty of the scenery at one spot we counted twenty-seven different colors including every shade of green imaginable. These beautiful tints were reflected in the exact reversed picture by the mirror-like water of the river.

We returned to camp with lots of fish and a good appetite. Spent another pleasant evening around the camp fire and after the rising of the moon, we rolled up in our blankets and were soon asleep. The next morning we hunted and fished with plenty of fish, but our dreams of turkey and deer were doomed to disappointment.

Poetry of Nature
Taking his gun in the afternoon the Civilian set out through the woods leaving the Deacon and the Major to fish. You know it does one good to get off in the woods alone and think once in a while. Going into the pine forest some distance, sitting on a fallen log and listening to the forest sounds, one is impressed with the mys-

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tery of nature. Truly Longfellow must have been in this forest or one must much like it when he wrote:
"This is the forest primeval.
"The murmuring pine and the hemlocks
Bearded with moss and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
"Stand like Druids of old with voices sad and prophetic,
"Stand like harpies hurling with bears that rest on their bosoms.
"Loud, from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."
Returning again to camp we sat down to the more prosaic things of life in the way of pork and beans.
The next day we broke up the encampment, returning down the winding river to the head waters of the Halifax. After a few hours run with a fair wind and an ebb tide, the launch gave up its cargo of three hungry, but supremely happy campers, who will always recommend a trip up the river to their over-worked friends in Daytona.

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An Innocent Gambler.
"Cheyenne was a wide open town in the old days, and every hotel and bar had its little faro game and roulette wheel and stud poker game," said a man who was there. "Our party was staying at the Inter Ocean hotel. A long, loose jointed Missourian ambled in one night and butted into the poker game. There were two or three card sharps at the table, and every citizen carried his shooting iron. This long Missourian looked rather easy, but before he had been playing an hour he was \$1,500 to the good. John Chase, proprietor of the hotel, became interested and watched the game. In a few moments he saw the Missourian turn a trick that was not strictly according to Hoyle, and he called the Missourian outside.
"Now, see here," said Chase, "I want to warn you. You'd better be pretty careful. Those fellows are all professional gamblers and are armed to the teeth. You don't seem to realize what you're doing."
"Say," replied the long Missourian, with a look of childlike innocence, "are they cheating me?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Louis the Great's Size.
Louis the Great had even and tolerably regular features without any strongly marked characteristics. By all his contemporaries he is spoken of as a tall man, but he had a way of raising his head, surmounted by the monstrous wig he wore, and of swelling his chest that created the impression of height, for when the sepulchers of the kings were violated by the convention and his body was dragged out of his coffin it was measured and found a trifle over 5 feet 6 inches.

Nelson's Famous Signal.
It is a fact that Nelson's famous signal to the fleet at Trafalgar was in its original form, "England confides" (not "expects") that every man will do his duty." This is the story as given by Captain Pasco, Nelson's flag lieutenant on the Victory: "His lordship came to me on the poop, and after ordering certain signals to be made about a quarter to noon he said, 'Mr. Pasco, I wish to say to the fleet, "England confides that every man will do his duty." And he added, "You must be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for close action." I replied, "If your lordship will permit me to substitute "expects" for "confides," the signal will soon be completed, because the word "expects" is in the vocabulary, whereas "confides" must be spelled." His lordship replied in haste and with seeming satisfaction, "That will do, Pasco; make it directly." And the famous signal was made.—London Chronicle.

There Was a Limit.
An Irishman one day went into the shop of a barber to get shaved. After being properly seated and the latter about half applied the barber was called to an adjoining room, where he was detained for some time. The barber had in the shop as a pet a monkey, which was continually imitating its master. As soon as the latter left the room the monkey grabbed the brush and proceeded to finish lathering the Irishman's face. After doing this he took a razor from its case and stropped it and then turned to the Irishman to shave him.
"Shtop that!" said Pat. "Ye can tuck the towel in me neck and put the soap on me face, but, begorra, yer father's got to shave me!"

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